RIDDLES, NEW AND OLD.

Which is swifter, heat or cold? Heat, because you can catch cold

Why does a Russian soldier wear brass buttons on his coat and an Austrian soldier wear steel ones? To keep his coat buttoned.

What is the difference between an old cent and a new dime? Nine cents.

When is a bee a great nuisance? When he is a humbug.

What is the oldest table in the world? The multiplication table.

Why is the professional thief very comfortable? Because he usually takes things easy.—Children's Magazine.

A STRING OF BEADS.

By Demarest Glentworth Rubins.

Among Lucile's birthday gifts was a dainty string of beads—gold, coral and white—quite different from anything she had ever seen; and it was very much admired by the girls at school as they crowded about her, all talking at once, the first morning she wore it. But suddenly she discovered that Leslie, her particular little friend, was not with the others; and, feeling somewhat hurt, for Leslie she knew was in the building somewhere, she slipped away from them all, and, peeping into the school room, she saw Leslie at her desk apparently absorbed in her lessons, which was very strange, for she seldom had to study out of the regular hours.

"What's the matter, Leslie? Have you seen my new beads?" Lucile demanded in the same breath as she came across the room to the desk.

"Nothing is the matter," said Leslie evasively, without lifting her eyes from her book. Lucile waited a few minutes longer in puzzled silence, then very soberly went to her own desk as the other scholars came marching in.

The day seemed unending to both girls, for they were usually inseparable. Lunch wasn't nearly so good as usual even with a big, red apple to finish up on, because it was eaten alone; problems got in such a tangle when studied by just one little girl, and there was something the matter with nearly all the other lessons. Before school closed in the afternoon, Lucile determined to find what was the trouble if she could.

"Well, you have everything and I have nothing," Leslie burst out rebelliously as Lucile caught up with her on the way home.

"No; I do not have everything," said Lucile slowly, "I would give up everything I have if I could have my mother to love me as you have," and the big tears rolled down her cheeks.

"Oh, forgive me," exclaimed the now penitent Leslie, throwing her arms around her. "I am just as ashamed and sorry as I can be. Come on home with me, and we will make taffy. Mother said we might, and you can telephone your auntie where you are," and with clasped hands the now happy little girls skipped along.

"I was so naughty today," Leslie confided to her mother when they had their bedtime talk. "I was just as mean as could be to Lucile just because she had a new string of beads, and I can have none at all. But she made me see that my mother was lots nicer than all the beads ever made," and she hugged her mother up close.

"I am so glad my dear little daughter is learning such an important lesson now," said mother gently. "If you just remember the blessings and pleasures that are in your life you will be surprised to find you have very little time to envy others, and will grow up to be just the happiest woman," and with a good-night kiss, Leslie was left alone to think it over.—Ex.

LOUIE AND POPSEY.

Uncle Jack came in one cold morning looking for all the world like a bear, Louie thought, in his big shaggy overcoat. He caught Louie up and gave her a real bear hug, too.

"Hello, Mopsey! where's Popsey?" he asked.

Popsey was Louie's baby sister, two years old, and her name wasn't Popsey any more than Louie's name was Mopsey. But Uncle Jack was all the time calling folks funny names, Louis thought.

"Her gone to sleep," she said.

Then Uncle Jack put his hand in his pocket and made a great rustling with paper for a minute, before he pulled out two sticks of red-and-white candy, and gave them to Louie.

"Too bad Popsey's asleep," said he.

But I'm afraid Louie was rather glad of it. She took her little rocking chair, and sat down by the window to eat her candy.

"Aren't you going to save one stick for Gracie?" asked mamma. Popsy's real name was Gracie.

"I guess I won't," said Louie, speaking low. "I don't believe candy's good for little mites o' bits of girls. 'Sides, I want it myself."

Just as she swallowed the last bit, there came a little call from the bedroom: "Mamma!"

"Hello," said Uncle Jack, "Popsey's awake!"

And in a minute out she came in mamma's arms, rosy and smiling and dimpled.

Then there was another great rustling in Uncle Jack's pocket, and pretty soon—

"Here's for Popsey!" said Uncle Jack.

She took two sticks of candy in her dimpled hands and looked at them a second—dear little Popsey! and then she held out the one that was a little longer than the other to Louie.

"Dis for 'ou," she cooed, "and dis for me."

Poor Louie! the tears rushed into her eyes. She hung her head and blushed. Somehow she didn't want to look at Uncle Jack or mamma. Can you guess why?

"Dis for 'ou!" repeated Popsey, cheerfully, pushing the candy into her hand.

"Take it, Louie," said mamma.

And Louie took it. But a little afterward mamma overheard her tell Popsey:

"I won't never be such a pig any more, Popsey Baker. And I's always going to 'vide with you, all the time after this, long's I live."

And mamma said, "Amen."—A. S. C., in Youth's Companion.